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The Rambler

... Well-Read and Suspicious

By JOHN McKELWAY

The trouble with reading all these books on the Central Intelligence Agency, just after you've read "The Spy Who Came in From the Cold" and the "Craft of Intelligence" by Allan Dulles, former director of the CIA, is that you tend to start seeing things that may, or may not, be there.

In other words, you no longer can accept some straight, dry account of a relatively innocuous incident and go on about your business. Machinations seemingly lurk behind the dedication of a new bridge, the opening of a new laundry or even a regularly scheduled luncheon of the Rotary Club. It can get that bad. There *must* be something more there, you start to think. There's bound to be. It is either part of a plot, or all of a plot that is actually a subcounter-plot superimposed on what we all wrongly believe to be our foreign policy. Something like that, anyway.

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IT WAS HARD TO SWALLOW, for example, that story the other day that Indonesia planned to capture one fifth of the United States demand for tropical fish for aquariums. A "senior cabinet minister" was quoted as saying if Indonesia could capture the fish, and then the market, it could pay for the rice it buys aboard.

Only intelligence agents are capable of thinking up something as involved as that and what it probably means is that Turkish Prime Minister Ismet Inonu has agreed to forget Cyprus and take over Cuba. The tropical fish story was just a way of warning British Intelligence the Greeks could easily get upset if they find new buses, just purchased by Castro, will eventually be driven by Turks. But there is much more to it. . . .

About the same time the CIA put out the "cover story" that the House District Committee had refused to fix a traffic ticket issued to a Russian agent who did not want it known he had had breakfast at the Swedish Embassy to discuss the real purpose of Premier Khrushchev's visit to Stockholm. He had parked in a loading zone.

This was the tipoff for Ustashi, or French secret police, who, in Sweden, operate under the guise of a fanatic Croatian anti-Communist organization, to move.

Quickly, almost immediately, the organization made it known to Aftenbladet, a newspaper, that if Khrushchev buried his face in a bunch of roses, on his arrival in Stockholm, it would mean that it would be safe for the Swedish government to sell Russia more large-diameter pipe for oil and gas, previously considered a secret matter.

Russian agents, working through Sukarno, spotted the tropical fish story and saw it for what it was: If Russia would sanction a Turkish takeover of Cuba, the United States would approve of the Russian purchase Swedish pipe.

Realizing that West Germany would be angered at the sale of pipe to Russia by Sweden, since it had already agreed not to sell pipe to Russia, at the suggestion of the United States, CIA realized it was necessary to hatch an apparent plot to kidnap Khrushchev, roses and all, if the attention of West Germany was to be twisted elsewhere.

A British agent, actually a Soviet agent—but planted by the British as Danish agent—agreed to pose as a member of the Ustashi and claim he wanted to kidnap Khrushchev with a truck armed with submachine guns after smashing through the gates of the Haga Castle, a 19th century, 15-room palace, where the premier would be staying.

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A SPANISH AGENT, who had nothing to do, leaked the plot to Expressen, another newspaper, which felt, because of the circumstances, it would be wise to notify County Police Supt. Aake Magnusson.

As soon as Khrushchev stuck his head in the roses, Supt. Magnusson arrested the British agent and, according to plan, called him a man who made a "hardboiled impression" and one who had been suspected of "preparing dangerous activities."

According to the Associated Press, "concrete tubes filled with sand were taken to Haga Castle to strengthen the gates through the iron fence," shortly after the "arrest" of the agent and the "smashing" the "plot."

It may be that the Rambler should come in from the heat. But you never know, you know. Is there really a Walter N.